THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers. NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1727.

Choice Poetry.

LITTLE LILYBELL.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

When unseen fingers part the leaves
To show us Beauty's face,
And earth her breast of glory heaves,
And glows from Spring's embrace—
When flowers on green and golden wings
Float up—Life's sea doth swell
And flush a world of vernal things—
Came little Lilybell!

And she is fair—oh, very fair!
With eyes so like the dove;
And lightly leans her world of care
Upon her arms of love!
It cannot be that ye will break
The promise-tale ye tell—
Ye will not make such fond hearts ache,
Our little Lilybell!

We tremble lest the angel Death,
Who comes to gather flowers
For Paradise, at her sweet breath
Should fall in love with ours!
Oh, many a year may come and go,
Ere down life's mystic well
Such streams shall flow, such flower shall blow,
As little Lilybell!

Ah, when her dear heart fills with fears,
And aches with love's sweet pain,
And pale cheeks burn through happy tears,
Like red rose in the rain,
I marvel, sweet, if we shall see
The sight, and say 'tis well,
When the Beloved calls for thee,
Our dainty Lilybell?

How rich Love made the lowly sod
Where such a flower hath blown!
Oh, love we Love, and think that God
Is such a Love full-grown!
Dear God! that gave the blessed trust,
Be near, that all be well;
And morn and eve bedew our dust,
For love of Lilybell!

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

...make me so, poor woman—but it does not, poor Jenny. It only makes me more hopeless."

"Look yer, Miss Mary! Don't you say that now! Don't you set down dere in idleness, and 'spair an' 'cuse Providence, 'cause fortin don't come and walk into de door. You up an' try somet'in."

"Why what can I try, Jenny?"

"Anyt'in'—'ply to Congress for a pension for what yer father did in the Revolutionary War!"

Mary laughed now, but answered, gravely,

"I do not think I like such things—it is so like the sale of patriotism. Besides, it's troublesome and expensive, and if we should get anything, which is doubtful, there are eight brothers and sisters of us, among whom the pittance would have to be divided, and it wouldn't be the least worth while."

"Truth is, Ole Marse ought to do more for you 'an he does!"

"How can he? He educates Cloudesley Mornington and Thurston Willcoxen, and helps a good many others besides."

"I don't care! I don't care, Miss Mary! He got plenty! An' he's yer own flesh and blood. An' I were you I'd take my chile, an' I'd go to Luckenough, an' I'd sit right down on top o' Old Nick Waugh for the rest o' my days!—dat I would! 'deed me! Case he daren't 'ny you the shelter of his ruff, no way, an' you a lady, an' his 'lation, too."

"Why, do you really suppose I could do such a dishonorable, bold, obtrusive thing as that, Jenny? I'm astonished at you. I would die first—yes, indeed, literally starve to death first."

"Well, chile, everybody to their tastes. I shouldn't 'ter to starve myself. Deed me! Well! anyhow, here's a 'pistle de Commodore sent yer."

"A letter! Why you never said a word about having a letter for me!"

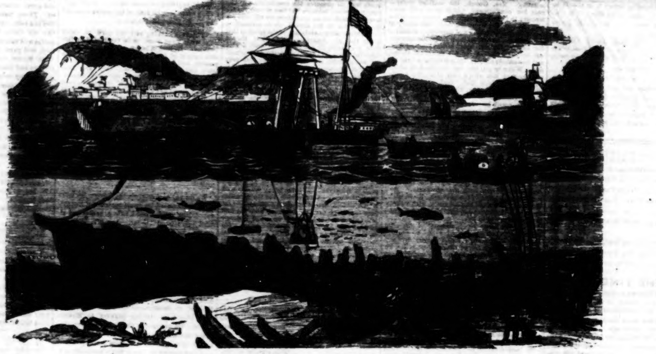
"Lor', chile, to be sure. Why what you think I come all de way over her' if it wan't for to bring a letter or—somet'ing?" said Jenny, fumbling in her bosom, and producing the missive.

"And why didn't you give it to me before?"

"Oh! taint no quinsequence! I know'd it war nuffin' but about Miss Edy's goin' an' marryin' of the Britisher! Sure he don't do nuffin' 'tall but talk about it, an' write about it, an' I thought how I'd just leave you finish your breakfast 'fore I sturved your mind wid dat!" said Jenny, with a shrug.

Mrs. L'Oiseau was devouring the contents of the letter, which ran thus—

Our Picture Gallery.



A SUBMARINE VIEW.

The above engraving represents the wreck of the Spanish ship of the line, San Pedro Alcantara, as it now lies in sixty feet of water in the Carribean Sea, with the schooner Lamartine, Captain Bradstreet, and men at work upon her with engine, diving bell and submarine armor. The background represents the island of Coche, with the seaport bearing the same name. The excellent salt mines at this port are the most valuable on the coast. Vessels are constantly loading with this article at this point. The amount of revenue derived from this mine to the government, is represented to be 800,000 pesos per annum. The projection upon the island is called the Pulpit Rock, from which one of the finest views is obtained that exists on the coast. The cut was made from a sketch by Mr. James A. Whipple, who is a native of Boston, and served his apprenticeship with the firm of Hinckley & Drury, steam engine builders of that city, where he acquired a thorough education in every branch of the business. At the expiration of his indentures, he engaged in the investigation of the methods, then in existence, for recovering sunken property, and at the first exhibition he witnessed, he suggested an improvement which has ever since been used—an escape valve in the helmet. Prior to that time, the method used by Taylor, the only man then engaged in the business in this country, was to have two air-pipes, one to carry the air down, and the other to bring it up. The dispensing with one hose, it will be obvious, was a great relief to the operator below, as well as to the tender above, and in no instance has any casualty occurred by reason of the substitution of the escape valve. Upon discovering the fact that the valve would work safely, Mr. Whipple made his first descent in Jamaica Pond, and the experiment proved highly successful, and steps were immediately taken for operations in the vicinity of Boston. Since that period—about eight years—Mr. Whipple has been constantly engaged in the submarine business. He made the only survey of the steamer Missouri, in 1849, and in fact the whole of that service fell upon him, owing to the sickness of Captain Taylor. The most difficult and noticeable operations Mr. Whipple has successfully accomplished, are the raising of the statue of Calhoun, from Fire Island Beach, where it was embedded in four feet of quicksand, and about seventeen feet of water. When it is remembered that this mass of marble weighed 3,200 pounds, the nature of the work, and the skill, energy and perseverance necessary to accomplish such an undertaking, may be conceived. The raising of the bed pieces of the steamship Pioneer, from ninety seven feet of water, to the entire satisfaction of Governor Kimble, each piece weighing about twenty tons, was successfully accomplished, although many scientific men in New York deemed it impossible. In this arduous undertaking, Mr. Whipple remained submerged at this depth without coming to the surface three hours and twenty minutes, the longest period for so great a depth on record. Mr. W. has also been twice to the San Pedro, and through his courtesy, and information derived from various other reliable sources, the following particulars relative to that wreck have been furnished, which may be of interest to our readers. In 1815, a fleet of about fourteen sail was sent out by the Spanish Government, with from 10,000 to 12,000 troops, under Gen. Marillo, to quell the rebellion then existing in the Columbian territories, of which fleet the San Pedro was the largest vessel and the most valuable. They bombarded and succeeded in destroying the seaport cities of Pampata and Polama, plundering them of everything valuable. They then marched to Asencion, the capital of Margarita, which lies about eighteen miles inland, destroyed that city, and, as in former instances, murdered a large proportion of the population, without regard to sex or age, and committed outrages of the most cold-blooded atrocity. They were about to proceed to the bombardment of Cumana, Barcelona and Laguira—the 6th of April was fixed for the purpose—when the ship San Pedro, which had on board from 1,500 to 2,000 men—officers, civilians and crew—took fire. The alarm was given at breakfast time; the appalling cry of "Fire! fire!" rang through the ship, and such was the rapidity of the flames that all was tumult, consternation and despair. No orders were obeyed, or any prompt measures taken for the saving of human life. In the height of the conflagration, a voice from a distant canoe shouted, "Retribution! Remember in your prayers, Margarita's Liberta!" The occupant of this canoe—one Pedro, a black, a fruiterer of Margarita, upon whose person or family some outrage had been perpetrated, in revenge had fired the spirit-room. The scene that followed, is represented as being one of the most awful and sublime that ever occurred in naval history. The fearful rapidity of the flames, and the well-known fact that every gun was loaded and shotted, prevented the approach of any of the other vessels of the fleet to their assistance and rescue. Every vessel sought safety in flight, leaving her and her troops, passengers and crew, to their fate, dropping astern out of the range of her large guns. The smaller arms and shells kept up an incessant discharge, which was relieved at intervals by the boom of the heavier guns, as the flames reached the priming, or the metal became sufficiently heated to ignite the powder, their discharge hurling destruction and death upon the boats within their reach. The number that perished in her is variously stated, but was probably from eight to nine hundred. The explosion of the spirit-room was terrific, but the fire-proof wall of the powder magazine protected that until a greater portion of the inside of the ship was consumed. When the magazine exploded, such was its force that it drove the fore part of the ship one hundred yards ahead, she being at anchor. The wreck lies in two sections, as shown in the engraving. In addition to the plunder of the cities before mentioned, the San Pedro had on board a large amount of specie, to meet the expenses of the fleet. The amount has been variously stated at from one million five hundred thousand to three millions of dollars. Since this disaster, numerous expeditions have been undertaken to recover this treasure. The first effort made was in the year 1827, by a Frenchman, who was unable to work the wreck in consequence of some part of the apparatus and machinery taken from France, not answering the purpose. The disappointment had such an effect on the mercurial temperament of the experimenter, that he committed suicide. The second effort was made in 1836, by citizens of the United States, and was partially successful, since which period seven expeditions have been fitted out of American ports, all of which have been more or less successful, so that no money has ever been lost by working her. The last expedition under Mr. Whipple was being prosecuted to advantage, when the revolt in the country by the Republicans, and the deranged state of political affairs, rendered it imperatively necessary to leave the further prosecution of the enterprise for a time. As the Government has now become settled, it is proposed to renew operations.

"And for my part I know he hadn't—all of my own thoughts. Oh! I'll do him—"

"Hush! Jacqueline. You shall not use such expressions. So much comes of my letting you have your own way, running down to the beach and watching the boats, and hearing the vulgar talk of the fishermen."

"I know a tall young waterman—
I know a handsome ...

...where they could lay off their bonnets, and which they were thenceforth to consider as their own apartment. This was not the one which had been occupied by Edith. Edith's chamber had been left undisturbed and locked up by Mrs. Waugh, and was kept ever after sacred to her memory.

The sojourn of Mrs. L'Oiseau and Jacqueline at Luckenough was an experiment on the part of the Commodore. ...

...ing out her impulses, Sans Souci annoyed the old man excessively. And his troubles increased in proportion with his love for the hare-brained child. For one thing, she was incessantly running herself into danger, that kept her self-constituted guardian in perpetual tremor. Then she was always starting forbidden subjects, or making terribly unfortunate speeches, which always shocked Henrietta, enraged the Commodore, and kept her poor mo...

"Well, but, Lapwing! didn't he reward you for it? Didn't he give you those pretty pictures I saw you put between the leaves of your mass book?" inquired Mrs. Henrietta.

"S'pose I did, I put them there to get them out of my sight. Pretty pictures, indeed! They are not pretty at all! Ugly things. Sorrowful women shrouded in black, with the whites of their eyes turned up! And horrid old men in ugly hoods, with skulls and cross-...

...can ask more questions in a minute than a sage can answer in a century, and I believe it."

"And that's what you so often tell me, Mimmy! Nobody ever did answer all my questions, and take pains to give me satisfaction, except Fair Edith! but then there were few like her! Sorrow the day she went away!"

The master of the house, who had been laughing until this moment, now suddenly changed his countenance, laid down his knife ...

A PRUSSIAN KING.

"Frederick William was most outrageously rude and insulting in speaking and writing. ...

Original Sketch.

EXTRACTS ...

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER [illegible], 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, ...	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

THE TIMES.

We are sorry that we cannot congratulate our readers upon any change in the aspect of the times—in fact, the indications of a great financial storm are even more threatening than they were only a few weeks ago. The drought of nearly two months, which has prevailed in two-thirds of the Free, and one third of the Slave States, and which has greatly reduced this season's product of Indian Corn, Potatoes, &c., will probably proportionably lessen the means of the country to discharge its debt to Europe. While the imports from abroad are already about equal to what they were up to the same time in 1853—with some signs even of an increase for the balance of the year; the imports into New York during last week, exceeding by one million of dollars the amount during the corresponding week a year ago.

On the other hand, the specie already *exported* from New York, exceeds that exported during the corresponding period of 1853, nearly ten millions of dollars. While the amount of gold received from California, it is hardly probable will equal that received in 1853.

The effect of a diminution of from even fifteen to twenty-five per cent. in the Corn and Potato crops of the Union, especially just at this critical period, when the country is already staggering under the load which a wild spirit of speculation and extravagance has placed upon its shoulders, can hardly be doubted. The farmer will find himself short of means to pay the country storekeeper, and the latter of course will not always be able to discharge promptly and fully his city indebtedness. Doubtless in the country also too much money has been diverted from the legitimate business of the farmer and merchant, to speculate with in lands, town-lots, &c., and to invest in railroads to increase the value of such speculations.

The business doing this season by the Jobbers both in New York and Philadelphia, is without denial a very limited one—the smallest probably for many years. And we are glad it is so, under the circumstances. "Retrenchment and Reform" should be the motto now-a-days of every man who cannot see his way perfectly clear and unobstructed before him. Especially in view of the heavy importations, the drought, the failure of the weaker banks, and the high price which money is now commanding, should this be the case. If this that is now upon us be a mere quickly-passing thunder cloud, to be soon followed by the sunshine and a more bracing atmosphere, economy and retrenchment for the time will do no harm, but be rather useful than otherwise. While if it be but the beginning of one of those periodical monetary storms, in which it rains forty days and forty nights, "and then sets in for a steady rain," the mariner whose bark is soonest prepared for squalls, will be the most likely to ride out the tempest.

One comfort, however, we can afford to our readers—and that is, the assurance that if it be necessary to go through a financial convulsion, the sooner it is begun, and the more cheerfully and wisely it is met, the sooner will it be over. We may even venture perhaps to afford the additional consolation to the farmer, that if his corn and potato crops be small, the increased price may compensate for the lessened quantity. The prices of these articles, however, already are so high, that we do not see how it is possible, especially in times when money is scarce, for them to go much higher.

Well, the night cometh as the day—but, fortunately, the day also as the night. And doubtless the night moreover has its great uses as much in the financial as in the natural world. Men during such periods are compelled by stern necessity to consider upon the moral tendencies of business enterprises and speculations that they had entered into almost without reflection; and perhaps sometimes are led to the determination to act somewhat differently in the future—to resolve not to yield themselves blindly to the influence of the next whirlwind that comes careering along, but rather to preserve the character of sober and well-poised minds amid the general excitability and madness.

FAIR PLAY, NEIGHBOR.—The Daily Register, of this city, in an article relative to Northern [illegible]

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

We call the attention of our readers to the account in our general news department, of the trial of a Mr. Carden for an attempt at abduction, in Tipperary, Ireland. Mr. Carden, it will be noticed, was defeated in his attempt at carrying off an heiress, in a very great degree by the determined resistance of the lady herself, and of a young female friend. The stout struggle of the two ladies do them honor. We conceive that the purposes to which they put their clenched hands and vigorous limbs on that occasion, were truly feminine and ladylike—considering the peculiar and outrageous character of the circumstances.

It appears that this Mr. Carden was not an "adventurer," in the common sense of the term. One account says:

Mr. Carden is a man of stunted stature, stern and daring disposition, and has been several times shot at by tenants whom he had dispossessed or otherwise dealt harshly with. So frequently, indeed, has he escaped the aim of the assassin, that he was thought by the peasantry to bear a "charmed life," or be ball proof. He is what may be considered wealthy, being one of the few landlords in that part of the country whose property has not undergone the liquidating process of the Incumbered Estates Court. His estate, on which there is a splendid mansion, is valued at between two and three thousand pounds sterling a year; and he is a kinsman of Sir John Craven Carden, Bart., of the Priory, whose estate joins that at Barnane.

Miss Arbuthnot's fortune of some $150,000 probably was not altogether without influence in producing such an intense degree of "love" on the part of her suitor. It appears that he had chartered a steamer at an expense of $20,000, and had it stationed off the Galway coast, so that if he succeeded in capturing and carrying off the lady, he might remain at sea till his persuasions, perhaps violence, had overcome her reluctance. His intention being then to go to London, or elsewhere, to have the marriage celebrated.

Fortune—perhaps we should rather say Providence—favored the lady in several respects. As another account says:—

"The day became overcast, while the ladies who had gone to church waited for the communion, and the servant took home the outside car on which they had gone to church, and brought an inside one. This afforded the heroic ladies, when attacked, greater facilities for resisting. Mrs. Gough, the married sister—near her confinement, which gave still more atrocity to the enterprise—was taken out of the car, and carried away. Through the mercy of God, Carden escaped—and narrowly escaped—the guilt of having caused a double murder. But Louisa, the unmarried sister, planted herself between Carden and his intended victim, and for awhile resisted his attempts to drag her out. When he put his head into the door of the car, she met him with a blow of her fist on the cheek, which drew first blood. 'With her what?' said the Judge, when Miss Lyndon was under examination. 'With her fist, my lord,' said she, 'with her closed hand.' He succeeded, however, in dragging her out, half her clothes being torn from her person in the struggle. But she clung to him, and brought him to the ground along with her.

Then his ruffians assailed the lady; they had before been occupied, some in cutting the traces, others in disabling the driver, and others in looking out lest the alarm should bring any within hearing to the rescue. She planted one foot against the side of the car within, held on by a strap with one hand, and with the other hand and feet beat back the assailants. And now came the first of the rescuers, Smithwick, the hero. He was knocked down with a skull-cracker, but others were hastening, and Carden and his men had to fly.

While the battle raged, others had given the alarm to the police. They pursued so closely, that one of Carden's blood horses dropped dead, and, after a run of twenty-four miles, he was captured, lodged in jail, and within three weeks, the Assizes being held, the Lord Lieutenant directed the Attorney General to prosecute, to give the lie to the adage 'one law for the rich, and another for the poor,'—he is convicted, sentenced to the highest punishment the attempt at abduction can be punished with, *two years' imprisonment, with hard labor.*

The judge had it at his option to make it 'hard labor' or 'a fine.' He chose the former as being most severe, for to a man of Carden's property, the fine would have been a trifle. It is a pity the lady's resistance had not been a little overcome; for had he succeeded in lifting her *ever so little* from her seat, it would have been *abduction*, and not merely the *attempt*; and the punishment transportation for life.

There was a second trial for the assault on Smithwick. By some of those inexplicable and unaccountable turns of the law, which so often afford loopholes for the escape of the guilty, Carden was acquitted on the second indictment. The Clare and Tipperary people, who have still a hankering regard for ould stock, and who thought him good enough for any Saxon lady, sympathised with him on his conviction; but, tried a second time, they pronounced it persecution; regarded him as a martyr, and held nightly rejoicings on his acquittal."

It is only fair to Mr. Carden to state, that he indignantly denied that the chloroform found in the coach, had been procured for any improper purpose—he alleged it had been merely purchased as a sedative to calm the lady's nerves, in case of necessity. But most persons will be apt to conclude that the man who was ready to violate by force the free will of a lady, would not be deterred by scruples of honor or conscience, from proceeding, if he thought it expedient, to the most desperate of alternatives. In fact, to talk of *honor* in connection with the perpetrator of such a dishonorable and unmanly offence, is sheer nonsense. Instead of regretting with a New York contemporary, that his sentence was for imprisonment "*with hard labor*," we regard it as a proper stamping of the offence as the crime of a felon, and not the mere error of a gentleman. About the only excuse that we can perceive for Mr. Carden in the whole affair, is the miserable public sentiment that prevails in that part of Ireland, as evidenced by the cheering of the male portion of the audience, and the waving of handkerchiefs by the *ladies*, when the prisoner was acquitted, through some quirk or quibble, on the charge of assault upon one of those who came to the rescue of the struggling heiress. That *ladies*, so reputed, could be found to applaud in such a cause, seems to evince a very low state of morals in that portion of Ireland.

The result of this trial, however, is highly honorable to the British judiciary. Justice in this case was both speedy and certain. The attempt at abduction was made on the second of July last. Within an hour all the offending parties were arrested. On the 20th of July the trial commenced, lasting but a few hours, at the close of which the principal offender received his sentence. Thus eighteen days were sufficient for the swift course of British justice.

How it would have been in the United States, even in Pennsylvania, and especially if some Western State—shall we say Kentucky?—had been the scene of the outrage, any person at all acquainted with the proceedings of American courts can imagine. The trial would have been put off for months, if not for years. When it did come on, a number of eloquent and learned counsellors—learned, we mean, in all the tricks and quibbles of the law—would have spun out the trial for weeks, and endeavored to becloud the whole affair, especially to the eyes of the usual not very discerning and clear-sighted jury. And the result would be perhaps a verdict of "insanity"—a New York paper already terms Mr. Carden an "*unfortunate* gentleman," and a "monomaniac." Or even if a truer and juster verdict were pronounced, a Governor's pardon probably would soon interpose between the decree of justice and its execution.

Yes, this is a Republic, and Great Britain is a Limited Monarchy; but we cannot deny that the influence of false sympathy—and, still more, of Political Station and Party Ascendancy—disturb to a much greater extent the course of even-handed justice in Republican America than in Monarchical Britain. If this be not the fact, we should truly thank any one who would convince us to the contrary.

SIR WILLIAM DON AND THE PITTSBURGHERS.—A gentleman who writes to us from Elmira, N. [illegible]

[illegible]

Could anything be more repulsive to all right-feeling men than the tone of the above extract? The N. Y. Times well says:—

"This is in keeping with the spirit in which legal trials have come to be conducted in this country. Instead of being solemn inquisitions into matters of fact—conducted without heat or passion, and for the sole purpose of eliciting truth and executing justice,—they are mere gladiatorial contests between opposing counsel. We shall have a small army of lawyers on each side,—arrayed against each other in intellectual combat,—each doing his best to overreach or defeat the other. Witnesses will be bullied;—some facts will be concealed and others will be distorted;—passions will be invoked;—prejudices will be appealed to;—everything will be done that logic, learning, wit, and eloquence can accomplish to sway the judgment and decide the result; and the jurymen are to be made the victims of all this sharp and unscrupulous professional practice. It is upon these that this whole legal battery is to be opened. What chance has simple justice in such an encounter?"

We do not wish to prejudge this St. Nicholas case, but we shall be much mistaken if the evidence does not disclose a case of brutal and almost unprovoked murder. And if it does, we say for one, let justice be done, without regard to the wealth and social standing of the offender—or whether his assistant counsel is the "ante" of "the proudest of the New York bar."

A TEXAN CAVE.—A subscriber to the Saturday Evening Post, in Texas, on seeing the account of the recent fish catching exploit in Illinois, was reminded of one of his experiences. He was, it seems, once upon a time, engaged with others in driving porkers to Western Texas. On arriving at the Colorado river, they saw a tremendous cave on the opposite side, and at once resolved that they would pen their pigs (amounting to nearly three hundred) in it. The next morning, to their utter astonishment, they found that their porkers—before lean—were all fatter than the fatted calf, and that what they had supposed was a cave was only a huge pumpkin—with a hole in it! "Strange, if true," is this story, most assuredly. But we are rather more than half inclined to think that our Texan informant has "stretched it a little"—if not more.

RAIN AT LAST.—After a long drought, we have advices of copious showers in various sections of the country.

New Publications.

OFF-HAND TAKINGS; OR, CRAYON SKETCHES OF THE NOTICEABLE MEN OF OUR AGE. By GEORGE W. BUNGAY. (Embellished with Twenty Portraits, on Steel.) Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a book that will be read—and extensively, too—for there is nothing more captivating for "the million," than personal sketches of individuals known to fame—whether those sketches should be crayon or charcoal—off-hand or slip-shod. These seventy or eighty portraits combine the good, bad, and indifferent, in their artistic execution, more equally than we recollect ever before to have noticed in any similar performance. There is one characteristic in them, however, which cannot escape the attention of the most unobservant reader. It is this: The artist sets up his man; and then dashes at him—whether great or small—with an unction and earnestness that is deliciously refreshing—especially in these fly-tormenting and mosquito-biting days, when the dog-star is nearly in the ascendant. He seems to close his visual organs, which up to the instant had been "in a fine frenzy rolling," and then mentally exclaims, "Who's afraid?—Go it blind!" The result is, a picture that is neither purely fish, flesh, nor fowl, but partaking somewhat of all these ingredients combined. For instance, any one examining our artist's portrait of Rufus Choate—the Demosthenes of Massachusetts—would be puzzled to decide whether it was intended as the embodiment of a highly intellectual human being, or the picture of an electrified hedgehog. In describing the personal appearance of Pierre Soule, of Louisiana, Mr. B. says that his eyes shine "like black moons in the firmament of his handsome face." In fact, he very often writes as though he had bolted a dozen or two of the largest English dictionaries. He never seems to be at a loss for a word, a figure, or a phrase. Such as they are, they come quickly at his bidding. His style—to make use of a figure that would evidently be a favorite with him—is of the "tempest in a teapot" order. Byron required, for inspiration, generous potations of Holland—or Schnapps, as it is now termed in circles polite—but Mr Bungay would be satisfied—and perhaps more than satisfied—with a bottle of spruce beer. But, avast—we are ourselves becoming inspired by this inspiring subject, and must "shut down the gate," after advising everybody to buy the book, which, though abounding in blemishes, still contains some choice extracts from the best orations of Webster, Everett, and others, as well as much entertaining information.

STRAY LEAVES FROM FAIRY LAND; For Boys and Girls. New Translations from the German of JACOB and WILHELM GRIMM, by J. EDWARD TAYLOR. (Splendidly Illustrated.) Published by G. Collins, Philadelphia.

This is a charming volume for those for whom it is intended—prettily illustrated, neatly printed, and tastefully bound. The translator says that he has studied to preserve, as strictly as possible, that simple style of narrative and language which give to these tales—(as originally written by their German authors—the brothers Grimm)—their peculiar charm. The stern old Reformer, Martin Luther, after becoming advanced in years, said that he would not part with the tales of wonder which he had kept stored up from early childhood, or which had fallen in his way through life, for any gold. And this, we suppose, is the feeling of many an educated man when he begins to realize that he is "no longer young."

LIFE IN THE FOREST: Or, the Trials and Sufferings of a Pioneer. By S. M. COPER. Published by Perry & Erety, Philada.

This little book is more especially intended for children of a smaller growth; but its pages will [illegible]

[illegible]

and gayer associates were charmed and delighted. Those, however, who began to look upon him as a vain coxcomb, could not but admit that, like old Colly Cibber, he was a coxcomb of genius and talent. When he first visited England, and gave, in the bright pages of the New York Mirror, some of the sketches of famous persons and places of which this volume is composed, they were read by a vast multitude of his countrymen and women with unalloyed pleasure, while others could see in them nothing but unmitigated toadyism and unblushing impudence. But Willis's personal portrayings, it seems to us, instead of losing their interest, become more interesting as time passes away. What life-like pen-limnings he gives of Lady Blessington, Mrs. Norton, and Miss Jane Porter—Tom Moore, Christopher North, Lytton Bulwer, and others! And who has more gracefully and thoughtfully *glanced at* the peculiar phases of English life—high and low! He has a quick eye for the ludicrous and the beautiful, and a never-failing felicity of thought and expression.

THE YOUTH OF JEFFERSON; Or, a Chronicle of College Scrapes, at Williamsburg, A. D., 1764. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The author—who he is we have not the means of knowing—chronicles the incidents, events, and scrapes, which *might*, and might not, have occurred during Thomas Jefferson's student-life. He says that he wrote the book as a relaxation after exhausting toil, and that if its grotesque incidents beguile an otherwise weary hour with innocent laughter, his ambition will have been fully gratified.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PERCIVAL MAYBERRY; An Autobiography. (Illustrated with Beautiful Engravings.) Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

A little puff-preliminary paragraph on the title-page of this humorous affair, commences with, "It will please everybody." Accordingly, everybody—of course—including his wife, should buy it. The Autobiographer, in the closing paragraph of his book, remarks that "it would take another volume to narrate all that followed"—the last adventure described.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. Original and Selected. Edited by FANNY DALE. Published by G. Collins, Phila.

This is a book for those little folks whom its fair editor looks upon "as the small beginnings of great endings"—its object being to teach the juvenile reader, by interesting stories and familiar examples, to practice the Right, the Good, and the True. Some of the stories were written expressly for the book, and others were selected.

FIFTEEN MINUTES AROUND NEW YORK. By G. G. FOSTER. Published by DeWitt & Davenport, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

There is no city in America—(and but few in Europe)—where more of good and evil can be seen in the brief space of fifteen minutes than in New York, and few men who could see quicker, and describe what he saw better, than the author of these graphic—sometimes startling—pen-sketches.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS. Parry & M'Millan have just published a pamphlet, entitled "Railroad Accidents, and the Means by which they may be Prevented, by the Use of the Electro-Magnetic Safety Apparatus." Lawrence Turnbull, M. D., and Wm. McRea, are the authors of this little work. The former is—or has been—a lecturer on the magnetic telegraph, and the latter is a telegraphic engineer. Every one who has occasion for the services of the Iron Horse, should read this useful little work.

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The "glorious uncertainty" has gained another illustration. Jeffreys *versus* Boosey has come to an end: and the House of Lords has reversed the judgment of the Court of Exchequer Chamber. Copyright, as regards foreign works in this country, is again in abeyance, and dire is the consternation in the publishing world in consequence thereof. Our newest decision—pronounced by a tribunal from which there is no appeal—would seem to cancel all agreements, destroy all assumed copy right of aliens in this country. We say would *seem*; as it would ill become one of the laity to assert anything otherwise than doubtfully on a point so often established and reversed by the great legal tribunals. The last reversal of judgment was made at one o'clock on Tuesday in the House of Lords—a reversal which, among other things, in effect, upset all American copy-rights,—and before six o'clock that day the printers in London were engaged in reprinting cheap editions of American works. Messrs. Low & Co., alarmed for their property in "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," rushed to their printers to order a cheap edition;—they found them already engaged on a cheap edition for another house! By aid, however, of the Messrs. Clowes, Mr. Low hopes to forestall the reprinters, and we cannot but trust that he will succeed, seeing that he had already embarked capital in the production of the work in a belief that his property was protected by law. The mails will carry out bad news to America:—this decision puts an end to all negotiation between the authors of that country and publishers here. Mr. Bentley, we believe, has just concluded a treaty with Prescott, the historian, for his "Philip the Second" at a thousand pounds a volume. It is now waste paper. The American historian is now in the same position as regards England, as the English author is as regards America.—*London Athenæum.*

LITERARY ITEMS.—Thackeray, it is said, has once more taken his place among the witty and humorous phalanx attached to Punch.

Captain Marryatt's daughter is about to appear before the public as a novelist. Her first work, in three volumes, is entitled "Temper."

Bulwer is completing a new novel, the scenes of which are to be laid partly in France and partly in England.

Mr. Bohn will publish "The History of Magic," translated by Wm. Howitt, from the German of Ennemoser, with an appendix of remarkable supernatural stories, selected by Mary Howitt.

Mr. Alexander Smith, the poet, is editing a selection from the published and unpublished works of the late Mr. Vedder, the proceeds of which are to go to the erection of a monument over the poet's grave in the Grange Cemetery.

☞ The following is clipped from the regular report of the proceedings of the Connecticut Legislature: "Bill to tax geese, cats, and bachelors, taken up. Mr. Haskins was opposed to the provision taxing bachelors. There was a tax laid already upon a goose, and any man who had lived twenty-five years without being married could be taxed under that section. The bill was postponed."

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Steamship Asia, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to the 12th ult.

THE EASTERN WAR.—The news in regard to the movements of the Great Powers in the war is quite important.

Prince Gortschakoff the Russian Envoy at Vienna, announces formally, that Moldavia, as well as Wallachia, will be immediately evacuated. Consequently the advance of the Austrian troops into the Principalities, has been countermanded. But Austria has, subsequently, signed an engagement with France and England to insist on guarantees of future peace from Russia, and not to be satisfied with the *status quo*.

The Russians, at the last accounts, continued to retreat, and the Turks to advance, but there had been no more fighting.

There is nothing further important from the Baltic, excepting only a report of the bombardment and capture of Bomarsund.

Two Convents, and some other buildings, were bombarded in the White Sea.

The latest accounts say that 3,000 French troops have landed on the Isthmus of Perekop, the narrow strip of land which connects the Crimea with the main land. There is also a report from the Baltic that 8,000 French troops have landed on the Island of Aland, at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia.

By telegraph it is announced that 3,000 French soldiers and 600 English marines had been landed at three points on the island of Aland, with little interruption and no loss, on the 11th. The forts were to be attacked next day. Sir Charles Napier was off Bomarsund, in the ship Bulldog.

The Moniteur publishes the French Government's refusal to grant an armistice, but that peace may be had on the following terms: The abolition of the Russian Protectorate over Wallachia, Servia, and Moldavia. Second, The freedom of the mouth of the Danube. Third, A revision of the treaty with reference to the limits of Russia in the Black Sea. Fourth, No power to have a Protectorate over Turkish subjects.

Eighty thousand Turks are now stated to be in Wallachia. The course of the Danube from Orsova to Galatz is now in possession of the Turks.

Austria and Prussia are expected soon to propose to the Germanic Diet that the Federal contingency be placed on a war footing.

The Cholera has broken out violently at Varna, and that the typhus has also appeared.

A small English expedition had gone up the Sulina mouth of the Danube, destroyed the Russian stockades, and burned Sulina to the ground.

SPAIN.—Queen Christina, of Spain, has been indicted before the Spanish Cortes, on a charge of treason. There had been no more fighting at Madrid. Arrangements were made for the departure of Queen Christina and her family; but armed groups surrounded the palace and prevented it. The populace seemed determined on the punishment of the Queen mother, and at least she should not be allowed to quit Spain until tried by the Cortes.

ENGLAND.—In the British Parliament, Mr. Hume called the attention of the Government to the necessity of taking still more energetic measures for the suppression of the African slave trade, and said he was sure that Espartero would give the best assistance to carry out the object.

Lord John Russel believed that strong efforts were making by the Spanish authorities, and [illegible]

FROM CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that they are organizing at Cronstadt, two battalions of skating infantry, an arm of the service already known in the preceding wars. These skaters are intended to operate in the winter on the ice against the islands occupied by the enemy.—Battalions of skaters will be also formed in the other garrisons.

It is very generally believed that Dr. Newman will soon visit America.

One of the latest Boston "notions" is that of a locomotive engine so constructed as to run from Boston to Worcester and back with one cord of wood! The distance between these two points is forty-five miles, and the running time each way was one hour and fifteen minutes, or ninety miles in two and a half hours.

One day last week, a lady in Barnstable, Mass., gave birth to three infants—two boys and a girl—the whole weighing 20 1-2 pounds.

Mr. Van Buren, ex-President of the United States, has, it is said, recently left Naples, after a residence there of three months, for Florence and the baths of Lucca. He has spent some time at the charming summer-retreat of Sorrento, celebrated for its picturesque position on the sea shore, and for its historical recollections, as associated with the poet Tasso.

Sam Patch's mother died a few days ago at Pawtucket, R. I., aged 80 years, a Christian woman and a deep mourner for the untimely fate of her son.

The Charleston, S. C., artesian well has reached the depth of 1,177 feet, 300 of which have been dug through solid rock. The Courier says that the auger was stopped, a few days since, by rock, for the fifty-eighth time. The well, when completed, will be one of the most valuable, as well as gigantic works in the country. Only think of drilling rock to the depth of nearly 1,200 feet!

A spirited tournament was got up at Jordan's Springs, Va., recently. Nine Knights entered the lists, and Miss Montague, of Baltimore, was crowned as Queen of Love and Beauty.

Two sets of silverware, from the "Merchants and Citizens of New York," made for presentation to Lieut. Maury, U. S. N., and Capt. Watkins, of the lost steamship San Francisco, are now on exhibition in that city. Each set consists of a pair of pitchers, four goblets and a salver, worth about $1,800. The salver for each set is 26 by 19 inches, and weighs 200 ozs.

The Louisville Journal says that Capt. Brown swam the Mississippi river the other day, where it was over a mile wide, in twenty minutes.

Wm. W. Shriver, Esq., of Wheeling, has recently transferred some choice fish from the Ohio river to the waters of the Potomac and its tributaries. They are the bass, perch, jack and fork-tail cat, which, when full grown, vary in size from five to twenty-five pounds. Mr. S. has been quite successful in similar previous attempts, and rendered essential service to the people of Maryland and Virginia, by stocking the Potomac with new and delicate varieties of the finny tribe.

Three great commercial cities—Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York—will each be the scene of a State Fair, almost at the same time. In Providence there will be an exhibition of the Rhode Island Society for the encouragement of Domestic Industry, in September. The Mechanics' Association of Maine will give an exhibition in Portland the present season.

The Swedes are coming into this country so fast that Swedish churches are being erected at Chicago and St. Paul's, Minnesota.

The N. Y. Herald presumes to have reason to "believe that Mr. Buchanan will resign his present position, and return to the United States within three months."

A patent has just been issued to W. D. Porter, of the U. S. Navy, for an apparatus to *generate gas* from the *hydrocarbons in wood*. This invention, it is said, enables persons living at a distance from cities, or where coal cannot be easily obtained, to manufacture their own gas cheaply. There will also be attached to the apparatus an arrangement for cooking as well as for illuminating purposes. The apparatus can be applied on board of steamers, river and ocean, men-of-war, and large sailing packets.

A new mine for gold, silver, lead and copper, has been recently opened near Wood- [illegible]

A REMARKABLE CRIMINAL CASE.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW YORK.—Judge Bronson's acceptance of the Hards' nomination has been officially announced. It is rumored that the Know Nothings and Silver Grays will support him.

NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—Complete returns give Bragg, (Democrat) for Governor, 48,812; Dockery, (Whig) 46,742. Bragg's majority 2,070. To the State Senate, 20 Whigs and 30 Democrats, are elected—and to the lower House, 55 Whigs and 65 Democrats; making on joint ballot 75 Whigs and 95 Democrats; but, since the election, Sillington, one of the Whig Senators, has died, and a new contest has been ordered.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Democratic primary elections on Monday evening, resulted in the following nominations: Congress—1st District, Thomas B. Florence; 2nd, John Hamilton, Jr.; 3rd, James Landy; 4th, Henry M. Phillips.

The Whig Conference from the First Congressional District, have unanimously nominated Edward Joy Morris as the candidate of the party for Congress.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whigs of New Bedford, at a recent meeting, "Resolved, That we view with hearty approval and pride the course of the Hon. Charles Sumner, in the Senate of the United States, and that however we may differ from him upon other political questions, we do now and ever shall respect and honor him as the eloquent and manly champion of Northern Freedom."

MISSOURI.—The fact is now established that all the members of Congress from Missouri who voted in favor of the Nebraska Bill at the recent session of Congress, and who were candidates for re-election, viz: John S. Phelps, Dem., and Oliver, Lindley, and Miller, Whigs, have been successful, while Thomas H. Benton, the only member who voted against it, has been defeated.

INDIANA.—There are twelve papers in Indiana which have heretofore been either Democratic or neutral, which advocate the election of the People's Anti-Nebraska ticket nominated in that State.

THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—The "Churchman," (organ of the High Church Episcopalians) comes out in a strong three-columned leader, denunciatory of the Know Nothings, and calling upon the good and the patriotic of all classes, and all denominations, to set their faces against any and all such organizations.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

Of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.

Of FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.

Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.

Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

limited, comprising only 15a1,000 bags Rio at 10¾a10¾c per lb for fair and prime quality, on time.

COPPER.—Sales of English Sheathing in lots at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 27c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue small, and prices are firm, but the demand has been limited; the manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants. The sales comprise only 750 bales at 9a11½c per lb, on time, for Upland, and 9½a12½c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been a steady business doing, without change in prices.

FEATHERS.—Are dull. Small sales of Western at 44a46c per lb.

FISH.—The arrivals and stocks of Mackerel continue small, and prices are firm; sales of 200 bbls large No 2 from the wharf at $8 per bbl, and small lots from store at $8,25a8,50. The market is nearly bare of large Nos 1 and 2. A sale of scaled Herring at 38c per box. There is nothing doing in Codfish.

FRUIT.—The market continues very quiet, and in foreign the transactions have been unimportant, owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Dried Apples and Peaches are held with more firmness, it being generally anticipated that the next crop will be an exceedingly small one.

GINSENG.—Is scarce, and no transactions have been reported.

GUANO.—Two cargoes of Peruvian have arrived since our last notice. Sales at $53,50 per ton, cash.

HEMP.—Is very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES.—An import of Africans, and one of Maracaibo have arrived since our last report, and remain unsold.

HOPS.—Are held firmly. Small sales of first sort at 25a30c per lb.

INDIGO.—Is held firmly. A small sale of Bengal at $1,22a1,35 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON.—The market is firm, but there is very little doing—most of the supplies now coming forward having been previously contracted for. Small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $36, 6 mos, and No 2 at $36 per ton. In Scotch no further transactions have been reported. Blooms are held firmly. In Bars and Boiler Iron there is a steady business doing at former rates.

LEAD.—Is scarce, and no transactions in Galena have come under our notice. 20 tons Spanish sold at $6,75.

LEATHER.—There is a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at former rates.

LUMBER.—Supplies have been coming forward rather more freely, but the market is quiet. Sales of Laths in lots at $1,37½a2 per M. Yellow Pine Sap Boards continue excessively dull at our former quotations.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 30.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

PAPER HANGINGS.
HOWELL & BROTHERS,

[illegible]

LIBERTY STOVE WORKS.

[illegible]

CABINET WAREHOUSE.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,

[illegible]

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED

[illegible]

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

[illegible]

F. H. SMITH,

[illegible]

HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[illegible]

GALLAGHER & HALLOWAY,

[illegible]

A. B. REICHENBACH,
PIANO FORTES,

[illegible]

TRAVELLING TRUNKS.

[illegible]

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,
HARDWARE JOBBERS,

[illegible]

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY.
DAGUERREOTYPES!

[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

[illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!
THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,
CURING EPILEPSY,
OR FALLING FITS.

[illegible]

NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES.

[illegible]

SETH S. HANCE,

[illegible]

Original Sketches.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GREAT FIRES.

THE GREYTOWN AFFAIR.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

AN INVITATION TO A PEACE ALLIANCE.

Clippings.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THE TIMES.

New Publications.

Miscellaneous.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Steamship Asia, at New York, we have London dates to the 19th ult.

THE EASTERN WAR.—The news in regard to the movements of the Grand Armies in the war is quite important.

Prince Gortschakoff the Russian Governor of Vienna, announces formally, that Moldavia and Wallachia, will be henceforth occupied by Austria. Consequently the advance of the Austrian troops the Principalities commenced, has been superseded. But Austria has, subsequently, signed an engagement with Prussia and England, to insist on guarantees of future peace from Russia, and not to be satisfied with the status quo.

The Russians, at the last accounts, continued to retreat, and the Turks to advance, but there had been no more fighting.

There is nothing further important from the Baltic, excepting only a report of the destruction and capture of Bomarsund.

Two Cossacks, and some other buildings, were bombarded in the White Sea.

Sweaborg was not assailable by the 1,000 French troops have landed on the Isthmus of Perekop, the narrow strip of land which connects the Crimea with the main land. There is also a report of French Baltic fleet 5,000 men having been landed on the Island of Aland, at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia.

By telegraph it is announced that 1,000 French and Turkish and 400 English troops had been landed at three points on the Island of Aland, which fixed a subscription of £1,000 on the 11th. The forts were to be attacked next day. Sir Charles Napier was off Sweaborg on the 10th inst.

The Kreutzer publishes the French Government's refusal to grant an armistice, but that France and England had agreed to propose to the Conference at the Russian Protectorate over Wallachia, Servia, and Moldavia, and the Neutralization of the mouth of the Danube. Third, A guarantee of the Ottoman Empire, and the Independence of Greece, and Fourth, the Neutrality of Russia in the Black Sea. Fourth, No further Russian Preponderance in Turkish affairs.

Eighty Ottoman Turks are now stated to be in Washington. The source of the Danube from Ottoman to Galatz is stated to be in possession of the Turks.

Admiral Dundas and Prince are expected soon in person to the Government Dock that the Federal Government has ordered in a new exhibition.

The Gladiator has broken out violently at Yarmouth. Arrangements are in progress for the departure of Queen Christina and her family; but actual preparations have not yet been approved of. The populace seemed determined to prevent her departure from the country, and at least she should not be allowed to quit Spain until she had left her property.

ENGLAND.—In the British Parliament, Mr. Hume called the attention of the House anew to the necessity of taking still more energetic measures for the suppression of the slave trade, and said he was sure that Superintendent would be most successful in putting down the traffic.

Lord John Russell inherited that strong efeeling were tending in the Spanish authorities, and thought these efforts would be successful.

The Liverpool Mail says that the Government would keep a watchful eye on the Spanish ports.

The Liverpool Mercury says that it ought to be very wise and wise for nations to Hallet, Sir James W. D. Wood, Sir Percival Heywood, Sir Edmund Antrobus, &c., &c.

A letter in the London Times from Lord the Hudson Bay Company enjoy the exclusive use of the Hudson's Bay Territory, from 54 40 to Cape Spencer, near 58, south, by a certain agreement with Great Britain and Russia; and it is understood that Great Britain can found a claim to prevent actual occupation, and that will cost valuable portion of the Russian-American Coast, and therefore to an effective discovery in its manner to the United States.

The Liverpool Mercury says that the Government is disposed to accede to the request of the Liverpool.

An American bark has, of 400 tons, timber-laden, reached Liverpool, London, from Quebec, which had apparently been fixed into by 22 vessels from Quebec. It will start from St. John, N. B., on 10 W. She is supposed to have been attacked by a privateer and sunk.

SARDINIA.—The King of Sardinia was thrown from his carriage near Leghorn on the 14th inst., and was kicked by a horse, having his skull fractured, from which he died in half an hour. His Majesty is succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Genoa, who was married in 1842, to the daughter of the late Archduke Amelia Augusta, daughter of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg and Eugene, (sister of the present Queen Dowager of Portugal) by whom he had issue, one son and two daughters.

ITALY.—Fine prisoners have been executed at Parma, for having taken part in the recent conspiracy.

COTTON MARKET.—Liverpool, Friday Aug 11.—Sales for the week, 37,000 bales, of which 3,000 for speculation, and 2,000 for exportation. Market closed dull, and prices 1-8d lower than on Monday. Fair Orleans 6 1-2d; good ordinary 5 1-2d; middling 5 1-8d; low middling 4 7-8d; good middling mixed 5 1-8d; middling mixed 4 7-8d; low middling mixed 4 5-8d; fair Mobile 5 3-4d; good ordinary 5 1-8d; low middling 4 7-8d; fair Pernam 6 1-2d; good fair Pernam 6 1-4d; fair Smyrna 5 1-2d; good fair Smyrna 5 1-4d; fair Egyptian 6 1-2d; good fair Egyptian 6 3-4d; fair Bengal 4 1-2d; good fair Bengal 4 3-4d; fair Madras 5 1-4d; good fair Madras 5 1-2d; fair Bahia 6 1-4d; good fair Bahia 6 1-2d; fair Maranham 6 1-4d; good fair Maranham 6 1-2d; fair Peru 6 1-2d; good fair Peru 6 3-4d; fair Ceara 6 1-4d; good fair Ceara 6 1-2d; fair Egyptian 6 1-2d; good fair Egyptian 6 3-4d; fair Bengal 4 1-2d; good fair Bengal 4 3-4d; fair Madras 5 1-4d; good fair Madras 5 1-2d; fair Bahia 6 1-4d; good fair Bahia 6 1-2d; fair Maranham 6 1-4d; good fair Maranham 6 1-2d; fair Peru 6 1-2d; good fair Peru 6 3-4d; fair Ceara 6 1-4d; good fair Ceara 6 1-2d.

BREADSTUFFS.—Liverpool, August 11.—Flour—Western Canal, 30s.; Ohio, 32s. Corn—Yellow and White, 31s. Wheat—Red, 10s 6d; white, 11s. Barley, 26s. Oats, 16s. Peas, 36s. Beans, 37s. Pork—Prime mess, 90s. Beef—Prime mess, 90s. Lard—Prime, 60s. Cheese—White, 60s; colored, 62s. Tallow—Prime, 52s. Rosin—Common, 10s. Spirits turpentine, 30s. Sugar—Muscovado, 40s. Coffee—Ordinary, 60s. Rice—Carolina, 20s. Linseed oil, 30s. Sperm oil, 90s. Whale oil, 40s. Cotton—Middling, 5 1-8d. Ashes—Pots, 30s. Pearls, 32s. Sales of the week 37,000 bales, of which 3,000 for speculation and exportation. Stock in port 1,111,760.

BREADSTUFFS.—Liverpool, August 12.—Wheat—Western Canal, 10s. 6d. Corn—Yellow and White, 31s. Pork—Prime mess, 90s. Beef—Prime mess, 90s. Lard—Prime, 60s. Cheese—White, 60s; colored, 62s. Tallow—Prime, 52s. Rosin—Common, 10s. Spirits turpentine, 30s. Sugar—Muscovado, 40s. Coffee—Ordinary, 60s. Rice—Carolina, 20s. Linseed oil, 30s. Sperm oil, 90s. Whale oil, 40s. Cotton—Middling, 5 1-8d. Ashes—Pots, 30s. Pearls, 32s. Sales of the week 37,000 bales, of which 3,000 for speculation and exportation. Stock in port 1,111,760.

Flour—Western Canal, 30s. 6d.; Brandywine, 32s. 6d.; Ohio, 32s. Corn—Yellow and White, 31s. Wheat—Red, 10s 6d; white, 11s. Barley, 26s. Oats, 16s. Peas, 36s. Beans, 37s. Pork—Prime mess, 90s. Beef—Prime mess, 90s. Lard—Prime, 60s. Cheese—White, 60s; colored, 62s. Tallow—Prime, 52s. Rosin—Common, 10s. Spirits turpentine, 30s. Sugar—Muscovado, 40s. Coffee—Ordinary, 60s. Rice—Carolina, 20s. Linseed oil, 30s. Sperm oil, 90s. Whale oil, 40s. Cotton—Middling, 5 1-8d. Ashes—Pots, 30s. Pearls, 32s. Sales of the week 37,000 bales, of which 3,000 for speculation and exportation. Stock in port 1,111,760.

BREADSTUFFS.—Liverpool, August 13.—Flour—Western Canal, 30s. 6d.; Brandywine, 32s. 6d.; Ohio, 32s. Corn—Yellow and White, 31s. Wheat—Red, 10s 6d; white, 11s. Barley, 26s. Oats, 16s. Peas, 36s. Beans, 37s. Pork—Prime mess, 90s. Beef—Prime mess, 90s. Lard—Prime, 60s. Cheese—White, 60s; colored, 62s. Tallow—Prime, 52s. Rosin—Common, 10s. Spirits turpentine, 30s. Sugar—Muscovado, 40s. Coffee—Ordinary, 60s. Rice—Carolina, 20s. Linseed oil, 30s. Sperm oil, 90s. Whale oil, 40s. Cotton—Middling, 5 1-8d. Ashes—Pots, 30s. Pearls, 32s. Sales of the week 37,000 bales, of which 3,000 for speculation and exportation. Stock in port 1,111,760.

NEWS ITEMS.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that they are in daily expectation of the Emperor's birthday festivities, on account of the advices already received of the movements of the allied fleets, are intended to operate in the winter on the ice between Cronstadt and Helsingfors, by the former inhabitants of Abaton will be formed in the Russian service.

It is very generally believed that Dr. Norman Macleod will succeed Dr. Cumming.

One of the latest Russian "contrivances" is that of a Russian Engineer, who has invented a boat which can float from Boston to Portsmouth and back with one load of coal. The boat is to be manned by only two policemen, and the vessel is to be navigated by only two men, and the vessel is to be navigated by only two men.

The Kreutzer, at the last accounts, continued to be retreat, and the Turks to advance, but there had been no more fighting.

There is nothing further important from the Baltic, excepting only a report of the destruction and capture of Bomarsund.

Two Cossacks, and some other buildings, were bombarded in the White Sea.

Sweaborg was not assailable by the 1,000 French troops have landed on the Isthmus of Perekop, the narrow strip of land which connects the Crimea with the main land. There is also a report of French Baltic fleet 5,000 men having been landed on the Island of Aland, at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia.

By telegraph it is announced that 1,000 French and Turkish and 400 English troops had been landed at three points on the Island of Aland, which fixed a subscription of £1,000 on the 11th. The forts were to be attacked next day. Sir Charles Napier was off Sweaborg on the 10th inst.

The Kreutzer publishes the French Government's refusal to grant an armistice, but that France and England had agreed to propose to the Conference at the Russian Protectorate over Wallachia, Servia, and Moldavia, and the Neutralization of the mouth of the Danube. Third, A guarantee of the Ottoman Empire, and the Independence of Greece, and Fourth, the Neutrality of Russia in the Black Sea. Fourth, No further Russian Preponderance in Turkish affairs.

Eighty Ottoman Turks are now stated to be in Washington. The source of the Danube from Ottoman to Galatz is stated to be in possession of the Turks.

Admiral Dundas and Prince are expected soon in person to the Government Dock that the Federal Government has ordered in a new exhibition.

The Gladiator has broken out violently at Yarmouth. Arrangements are in progress for the departure of Queen Christina and her family; but actual preparations have not yet been approved of. The populace seemed determined to prevent her departure from the country, and at least she should not be allowed to quit Spain until she had left her property.

ENGLAND.—In the British Parliament, Mr. Hume called the attention of the House anew to the necessity of taking still more energetic measures for the suppression of the slave trade, and said he was sure that Superintendent would be most successful in putting down the traffic.

Lord John Russell inherited that strong efeeling were tending in the Spanish authorities, and thought these efforts would be successful.

The Liverpool Mercury says that the Government would keep a watchful eye on the Spanish ports.

The Liverpool Mercury says that it ought to be very wise and wise for nations to Hallet, Sir James W. D. Wood, Sir Percival Heywood, Sir Edmund Antrobus, &c., &c.

A letter in the London Times from Lord the Hudson Bay Company enjoy the exclusive use of the Hudson's Bay Territory, from 54 40 to Cape Spencer, near 58, south, by a certain agreement with Great Britain and Russia; and it is understood that Great Britain can found a claim to prevent actual occupation, and that will cost valuable portion of the Russian-American Coast, and therefore to an effective discovery in its manner to the United States.

The Liverpool Mercury says that the Government is disposed to accede to the request of the Liverpool.

An American bark has, of 400 tons, timber-laden, reached Liverpool, London, from Quebec, which had apparently been fixed into by 22 vessels from Quebec. It will start from St. John, N. B., on 10 W. She is supposed to have been attacked by a privateer and sunk.

SARDINIA.—The King of Sardinia was thrown from his carriage near Leghorn on the 14th inst., and was kicked by a horse, having his skull fractured, from which he died in half an hour. His Majesty is succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Genoa, who was married in 1842, to the daughter of the late Archduke Amelia Augusta, daughter of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg and Eugene, (sister of the present Queen Dowager of Portugal) by whom he had issue, one son and two daughters.

ITALY.—Fine prisoners have been executed at Parma, for having taken part in the recent conspiracy.

COTTON MARKET.—Liverpool, Friday Aug 11.—Sales for the week, 37,000 bales, of which 3,000 for speculation, and 2,000 for exportation. Market closed dull, and prices 1-8d lower than on Monday. Fair Orleans 6 1-2d; good ordinary 5 1-2d; middling 5 1-8d; low middling 4 7-8d; good middling mixed 5 1-8d; middling mixed 4 7-8d; low middling mixed 4 5-8d; fair Mobile 5 3-4d; good ordinary 5 1-8d; low middling 4 7-8d; fair Pernam 6 1-2d; good fair Pernam 6 1-4d; fair Smyrna 5 1-2d; good fair Smyrna 5 1-4d; fair Egyptian 6 1-2d; good fair Egyptian 6 3-4d; fair Bengal 4 1-2d; good fair Bengal 4 3-4d; fair Madras 5 1-4d; good fair Madras 5 1-2d; fair Bahia 6 1-4d; good fair Bahia 6 1-2d; fair Maranham 6 1-4d; good fair Maranham 6 1-2d; fair Peru 6 1-2d; good fair Peru 6 3-4d; fair Ceara 6 1-4d; good fair Ceara 6 1-2d; fair Egyptian 6 1-2d; good fair Egyptian 6 3-4d; fair Bengal 4 1-2d; good fair Bengal 4 3-4d; fair Madras 5 1-4d; good fair Madras 5 1-2d; fair Bahia 6 1-4d; good fair Bahia 6 1-2d; fair Maranham 6 1-4d; good fair Maranham 6 1-2d; fair Peru 6 1-2d; good fair Peru 6 3-4d; fair Ceara 6 1-4d; good fair Ceara 6 1-2d.

BREADSTUFFS.—Liverpool, August 12.—Flour—Western Canal, 30s. 6d.; Brandywine, 32s. 6d.; Ohio, 32s. Corn—Yellow and White, 31s. Wheat—Red, 10s 6d; white, 11s. Barley, 26s. Oats, 16s. Peas, 36s. Beans, 37s. Pork—Prime mess, 90s. Beef—Prime mess, 90s. Lard—Prime, 60s. Cheese—White, 60s; colored, 62s. Tallow—Prime, 52s. Rosin—Common, 10s. Spirits turpentine, 30s. Sugar—Muscovado, 40s. Coffee—Ordinary, 60s. Rice—Carolina, 20s. Linseed oil, 30s. Sperm oil, 90s. Whale oil, 40s. Cotton—Middling, 5 1-8d. Ashes—Pots, 30s. Pearls, 32s. Sales of the week 37,000 bales, of which 3,000 for speculation and exportation. Stock in port 1,111,760.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship San Juan, from Aspinwall, Capt. O. F. Pot, commander, and the Pioneer, Lieut. Comdg. Gedney, from Acapulco, have arrived at New York on Friday of last week, with dates to the evening of the 15th ult. They had $1,312,262 in specie on freight, and 208 passengers; and for the latter depot 400, and 200 others. The dates from California brought by both steamers are to the 5th ult.

The Whig State Convention met on the 24th, and were in session two days. Col. J. C. Fremont, of Colusi, was chosen candidate for Congress to succeed Mr. Gilbert, deceased. Col. Fremont was announced to represent the southern portion of the State. The Democratic Convention assembling in favor of the Territorial Bill, and the Democratic Convention assembling in favor of the Territorial Bill, and the Democratic Convention assembling in favor of the Territorial Bill, and the

Selected Poetry.

Pictures of Life.

MIRALDA ESTALEZ; OR, THE CIGAR GIRL AND THE COUNT.

Wit and Humor.

Western Weather and Western Love.

[Translated from the jaraon expressly for gray-haired [illegible], by Reuben.]

the wether grows [illegible] warmer. And the swet
  roles tricklin from my hand and neck and acrost
and body clean down to my feet and wets
  in every stich of close, which spiles my [illegible].

i sed to jane, jane the wether's mighty hot
  and she sez, Reuben thats a [illegible] fact.
and jane side like a bilen cofy pot
  and her eyes [illegible] in hard [illegible].

sez I jane spose a mad K 9 [illegible]
  shood run at you and ope his mouth and put
His pison teeth upon you [illegible], at least
  6 inches just abov yer little feet?

jane sez, you would beat him Reuben than i [illegible];
  sez I, i wood whip him if i had to foller
him clean to the rio grand in mexico.
  tu beat him with a club and make him holler.

jane lookt at me so [illegible], i lookt at jane,
  and we both felt considerably [illegible]
we was both happy 'nough to go insane
  and we set there and [illegible] a short time [illegible]!

—*Fayetteville Independent.*

BOSTON BOYS IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.—We copy from the Boston Post the following interesting letter from Ike Partington:

HILLSBORO', August 8, 1854.

DEAR TOM: I have been up here since vacation—"vexation" [illegible] calls it—and am having a first rate time, I tell you. The weather is prime, the fishing is prime, driving the old colt—they call him a colt, but he's as gray as a badger—is primest, and going a gunning after plover, and killing a neighbor's hens by mistake, is primed. Darn the hens! why don't they keep 'em out of the bushes? How's a fellow going to know a hen from a partridge, when you can't see any thing of 'em but the head and tail, and about four inches of the body?

I wish you was up here. The way we would make the colt travel, wouldn't be slow. I can make him go five miles an hour by myself, but if you was here to punch him with a stick while I drive, we could make him go ever so much faster. Sometimes I drive him for the men to make hay with, but I don't like this kind of riding very well, because it is just like work.

When we get through with our haying, then I and the boys go down to the bay a swimming. This is prime. They can't begin to swim with me, and when I get 'em into the water, I chuck their heads under and spatter 'em like every thing. One day I went down to the bay alone, and see a fellow out into the water sitting cooling himself. Says I to myself, now I'll have some fun. So I hid away into the bushes, where he couldn't see me, and fired a little stone, so that it splashed on to him, and then I lay still a little. By'n by I fired another that splashed onto him again. I hid down, and after a while I fired another, that didn't splash, and I found out that I'd hit him right on the head. "Hello?" said he; "who's that?" and ashore he come, when who should it be but the Methodist minister. I tell you I felt cheap enough; but how can a fellow know a minister from any body else when he ain't got any clothes on? When they have their black coats and white neck handkerchiefs, and them things on, then I know 'em fast enough. He told me I ought to

City Scenes.

TRUTH IS GREAT.

UNSOPHISTICATED LITTLE GIRL.—"Now you be done, Billy. If you aint quiet directly I'll give yer to this great, big, Hugly Man!"

Innocent delight of Swell in gorgeous array.

Selected Articles.

DON'T YOU LIKE FLOWERS?

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"Oh, mo'her, do see!" said little Georgiana to her mamma, as she came rushing in from the garden, "somebody's cut off all the buds of your heliotrope and little rose. Only look!"

"I did it," said her mother.

"You, mamma!"

"Yes."

"Why—don't you like flowers?"

"Yes, my dear; it is because I like flowers I cut them off."

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"My dear, do you notice that the heliotrope and the rose are both young and weak—just beginning to grow? The strength that they would spend on a blossom now, I want them to employ in making larger roots, and throwing out more branches, so they will become strong, thrifty plants, and bear twenty blossoms by-and-by, instead of one now."

"Oh, that is it."

"Yes; you see, my dear, there is in every plant a mysterious power, called the vital force, or *life*. Now, this vital force is all the while stimulating the plant to throw out either roots, stalks, leaves, or blossoms. But of all things that a plant can do, nothing uses more of this mysterious power than to *blossom*. If the vital force makes roots, these roots are so many mouths through which the plant sucks food from the earth; if it goes to make more leaves, these leaves are lungs by which the plant breathes the air, and thus takes in nourishment; but the flower is neither lungs nor mouth; yet it takes the highest force the plant is capable of to produce it; and while the plant is maturing the seed which lies hid in the flower, it often entirely suspends all other growth, because all its energies are taken up with this effort. So, if a gardener wants to make a plant strong and thrifty, and capable of bearing a beautiful show of flowers, he often picks off the first blossom buds, and turns all the strength of the plant to leaves and roots."

Little Georgy looked quite thoughtful.

"My dear," said her mother, "I am going to tell you something now, that I hope you will always remember. This flowering of plants is like some other things that I want you to notice. In educating you, there are many pleasures and pursuits, innocent in themselves, and beautiful as the blossoms of a flower, that I restrain you from, not because I do not like them, but because I think for you to have them now would have the same effect on your character that too early blossoms would on a delicate plant.

"You would like to spend your time in reading story books, in going on visits, in attending shows and concerts, and many such things, which may all be pleasant enough in themselves; but, instead of all these, you have to spend your strength in duties and lessons, at home and at school. You are doing, now, what a plant is—you are making roots, and leaves, and branches; and, when your mind and character are formed, blossoming may not hurt you.

"Sometimes, a gardener cares nothing about the strength of a plant. His only object is to get a show of fine flowers immediately. He keeps it warm, waters with stimulating nourishment, and turns all its strength to flowering. In this way, beautiful flowers are made; but when their transient bloom is withered, the plant is a poor, withered, unsightly thing, whose vitality is all expended. So some parents and teachers bring up children to care only for pleasure, gaiety, and show; and when childhood and youth are passed, their vigor is all spent—they are poor, insipid, useless creatures, affording no pleasure or use, either to themselves or others.

"But, more than this, what I do for you, is only an emblem of what our heavenly Father is constantly doing for us all. Our minds are all the while reaching forth and striving after blossoms which he cuts off, not because he does not love flowers, but because he *does* love them, and wants his immortal plants to gain strength for a thousand, instead of one.

"Here is a mother, for instance, and all the strength of her life is put forth in one fair child—a rose-bud of infinite sweetness. All the strength of her soul is going into love for this child. The heavenly Gardener cuts off this blossom of love, not because he has no pleasure in it, but because he wants the soul that bears it to become a stronger soul, and capable of a wider sphere of love. You will often see a rose-tree, whose buds have been cut off, throwing up a green, vigorous shoot, from which multitudes of roses shall spring; and so, when an earthly love has been broken off by death, there springs out of it a love to all mankind—to all who suffer and sorrow.

"So people in this world often have tastes and capabilities, beautiful in themselves, which the circumstances of their lives forbid them to indulge. A mother, for example, has a taste for music, drawing, or literature; but poverty, and the charge of a young family, keeps her confined to the drudgery of ordinary life. But God, the loving gardener, has foreordained all this. He casts her lot thus, not because he has no love for the beautiful tendencies of her mind, but because he would give them a stronger root and wider growth.

"And now, my dear child," said mamma, "remember, if in your life a time should ever come, when all the desires of your heart are cut off—when you are forced from all that is lovely and agreeable to you, and confined to all that is repugnant and distasteful—be not discouraged. Think that it is done by the great Gardener of your soul. Your time shall yet come, if not here, at least when he shall transplant you to the skies."—*National Era.*

SELFISHNESS UNCHRISTIAN.—Live for some purpose in the world. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like one pebble unobserved among a million on the shore, and when they die they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been better for their life? whose tears have they dried up? Whose miseries have they healed? Whose wants supplied? Who would unbar the gate of life to re admit them to existence, or what face would greet them back to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

BIRTHDAY BALLAD.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,
  And a little red rose art thou;
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
  Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
  Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie—
  Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,
  But, oh! do not wish their wing!
They would only tempt the fowler, Genie,—
  Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,
  And be not thence beguiled;
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie,
  Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie,
  Pile them up brave and high,
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
  As he wandereth singing by;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
  Or if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
  How soon life's schemes are cross'd.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
  And he calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
  "Childhood's the prophet of life."
It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
  And sing sweet songs and clear,
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
  Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie,
  Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarce a sapling, Genie,
  And I a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie—
  Thou art in blossom sweet:
But think of the grave betimes, Genie,
  Where young and old oft meet.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—John Adams when he was President of the United States, was most grossly insulted by one Matthew Lyon, a representative in Congress from Vermont. Lyon was, as we all know, a most consummate blackguard, and the first of the race that then found their way to Congress, though the breed has most signally increased within the last half century.

Lyon affirmed with an oath that he hated President Adams, and was often heard to say that if he could only give him one good tweak of the nose, he would "die and go to —— satisfied." Mr. Adams was very fond of walking; and it was well known that he almost every morning walked for exercise, from the Presidential mansion to Georgetown bridge—a distance of two or two and a half miles. One morning, in the month of June, 1799, as Mr. Adams was taking his usual stroll, he was met by Lyon, who thus accosted him:

"You are the President of the United States, I understand?"

"My name, sir," replied the President, "is John Adams. I am a native of Braintree, Massachusetts—and the people of the United States have elected me to the office of Chief Executive of the Union. I am, sir, very much at your service!"

Lyon, who was a stalwart man, of unusually irascible temperament, was rather taken aback by the cool and determined manner of the President, and at first hesitated to proceed; but, at length, summoning all his native recklessness to his aid, drew himself into a hostile attitude, and rudely vociferated—

"Well, sir, I am Matthew Lyon, a representative from the State of Vermont; and it becomes me to tell you, sir, that you are no gentleman!"

"The question of my gentility, sir," returned Mr. Adams, "is one that others than myself must discuss; but let me tell you, sir, that I suffer no man to insult me with impunity, whether I be John Adams, of Braintree, or John Adams, President of the United States!"

"Sir, you are a *puppy*!" screamed Lyon; "and it is *I* that tells ye so!"

At the instant, Mr. Adams, who, in following the fashion of the times, carried, or wore, a long and a very heavy gold-headed cane, raised it above his head, and letting it fall, with the weight of a Samson, laid Lyon low at his feet.

This incident, which was related to us a few days ago, by an aged gentleman who witnessed it, is recorded most faithfully and elaborately in "Holmes's Personal Journal of the last Century and a Half."—*New York Atlas.*

☞ It is an astonishing fact that a painter, with a vessel of paint in each hand, commands respect wherever he goes. The pedestrians on the sidewalk invariably make way for him, with the utmost celerity.

For Housekeepers.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—With a narrow knife or apple corer, take out the core of pared tart mellow apples, and fill the place of the core with sugar; roll out some plain light pie crust about two thirds of an inch thick, and cut it into pieces of just sufficient size to roll the apple in. Enclose an apple in each piece, tying each in a thick piece of cloth well floured. Boil one hour without intermission. A better way is to cover each cloth with soft boiled rice, enclose the apple in this, and tie the cloth around snugly, and boil till the apple is tender.

TO BROIL HAM.—Cut some slices of ham a quarter of an inch thick, soak them in hot water for half an-hour, or give them a scalding in a pan over the fire; then take them up and lay them on a gridiron over bright coals; when the outside is browned, turn the other; then take the slices on a hot dish, butter them freely, sprinkle pepper over, and serve. Or, after scalding them, wipe them dry, dip each slice in beaten eggs, then into rolled crackers, and fry or broil

TO DESTROY HOUSE FLIES.—Pour a little simple oxymel (an article sold by druggists) into a common tumbler glass, and place in the glass a piece of cap paper, made into the shape of the upper part of a funnel, with a hole at the bottom to admit the flies. Attracted by the smell, they readily enter the trap in swarms, and by the thousands soon collected, prove that they have not the wit or disposition to return.

CURE FOR DIARRHŒA.—Take a handful of strawberry leaves, and pour on them half a pint of boiling water; let it remain one hour, and drink the tea. If you cannot get the boiling water, chew and swallow the leaves. This is a most valuable and efficient remedy. It rarely fails to give immediate relief, and perform a permanent cure.

HOW TO CUT INDIA RUBBER.—As this useful article is now much used in rural districts, the following method for cutting it, neat and clean, may be useful: Simply, dip the knife in water, and you will cut it like a piece of green cheese.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Peel and slice twelve tomatoes, picking out the seeds; add three powdered crackers, pepper and salt to your taste; stew twenty minutes.

THE PAVING OF THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—The whole channel of the Mediterranean must be strewed with human bones—Carthaginians, Syrians, Sidonians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans; there they lie, side by side, beneath the eternal waters; and the modern ship that fetches freight from Alexandria, sails in its whole course over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead, that now adds brightness to the phosphorescence of the waves.—*J. A. St. John's There and Back Again in Search of Beauty.*

For the Young.

MANAGING ALLIGATORS.

"William, you were to tell me how you managed the alligators when you were in Africa, and you may as well tell me now."

"Very well, Master Frank," said old William, (William was a shoemaker in the village, but in early life he had been a servant to a gentleman, and had attended him in his travels in many parts of the world,) "you shall know all about it; and then, if you ever go to Africa yourself, you can act on the same plan."

"But first tell me how big they are."

"Oh! they are of all sizes, from a dozen inches to a dozen feet; but, by my method, I can manage the biggest among them, let him be in the water or let him be out."

"I am glad of that; for, perhaps, I shall be able to manage him too."

"You would like to see an alligator's nest, I dare say; and, perhaps, to treat yourself with an egg or two."

"What! do alligators make nests and lay eggs?"

"To be sure they do. When I first went abroad to Cape Coast Castle in Western Africa, as servant to your father, I remember finding an alligator's nest, made of decayed grass, leaves and weeds, closely matted together; and when I put my hand into it, it was almost as hot as a baker's oven."

"How large was the nest? and how big were the eggs?"

"The nest was made of as much as two or three cartloads of rubbish of one sort or others, and the eggs were white in color, and perhaps three or four times the size of a goose's egg. Alligators are cunning creatures."

"What do they live upon?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, they are not over particular; for they take up with just what they can get—whether it be a mouthful of fish, a water-fowl, a monkey, a young antelope, or a sailor in his check shirt, blue jacket and white trowsers. In short, Master Frank, they would eat you if they could get hold of you, without as much as asking the question whether it would be pleasant to you or not."

"I dare say they would, William; but I will take pretty good care they do not. Now tell me how you manage them."

"I manage them just the same way as I do a rattlesnake, when I hear his rattle and see him just ready to spring upon me."

"What, can you manage a rattlesnake, too?"

"Yes, that I can; or a cobra capella, or a boa constrictor, or any other kind of snake, even though he be big enough to swallow a tiger."

"I never heard of such a thing! I should have thought that he would have clung round your neck, and stuck his poisoned fangs into

MISCELLANEOUS.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURE IN JAPAN.—A correspondent of the New York Observer, thus writes from on board the United States frigate Powhatan, while at anchor in the Bay of Yedo. The agriculture of Japan must be as instructive to us Western nations, in many respects, as that of China.

"The region of country near this anchorage is exceedingly fertile, and the black, rich soil, produces two crops annually; the wheat and barley are now almost ready to flower in some places. The rice fields are draining, and will soon be ready to receive the shoots, for here all the rice is transplanted. Wheat and barley are drilled and not sown broadcast, and the vigorous grain shows the care bestowed on it. During the time we have been in this Bay the climate has been very pleasant, a good medium between too hot and too cold; snow resting on Mount Fusi and other high mountains, but never on the lowlands. This peak is considered about 14,000 feet high, and lies nearly due West of our ships, raising its symmetrical cone far above every other point. The country is undulating in this vicinity, a succession of ravines, plateaux, valleys, and ridges, affording room for forest-lands as well as grain. Terraces are common, some of which have cost great labor to dig them down. Oak, chestnut, maple, pines, firs, and other trees not recognized in their winter nakedness, are common; but the abundance of the Camellia Japonica, growing forty and fifty feet high, and now lately covered with flowers, is the admiration of all. The Japanese furnished a large supply of them for the dinner-tables the other day. The white Japonica is not so common, only one or two trees having been met. The Pyrus Japonica is also common, and peaches are now in full flower. I have seen two specimens of pine trees, the tops of which were forced down and trained over a framework, leaving the trunk like the handle of an umbrella underneath this canopy of thirty feet width. The time spent on one was twenty—on the other, thirty years. A pine grafted on a fir was also shown me; and if this small village exhibits these horticultural curiosities, larger cities doubtless furnish greater rarities. Many of the pines and other trees covering the hills are planted, and we have met farmers putting out saplings on steep hills, which otherwise we should never have suspected were not natural growth. This shows the great cost of fuel and the care taken to keep up a supply."

CHESS OR CHEAT.—Mr. Editor: A word with you about chess, or as we Suckers call it, cheat. The scientific hold that chess grows from pure chess seed, and is produced by nothing else; while the mass of farmers, at least in the West, are ready to attest that the growing of the intruder does not depend upon sprouting the pure chess grain or kernel; but that the injured wheat-roots will shoot up a chess stalk. Some believe that herd's grass is liable to such transmutations. Though my faith is small in such violations of Nature's laws, I am compelled to say, I have found many facts connected with chess which puzzled me to account for upon any other suggestion.

A neighbor, Mr. Tuttle, broke up a field of the virgin prairie in June, 1850, which, till then, had probably grown nothing except wild grass. Last September he sowed wheat on the

The Riddler.

The Olio.

CAROLINE.

AFTER TENNYSON.

Lightsome, brightsome, cousin mine!
  Easy, breezy Caroline!
With thy locks all raven shaded,
From thy merry brow upbraided
And thine eyes of laughter full,
  Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love hast bound me—
Wherefore dost thou flit around me,
  Laughter-loving Caroline?

When I fain would go to sleep
  In my easy-chair,
Wherefore on my slumbers creep?
Wherefore start me from repose,
Tickling all my hooked nose,
  Pulling at my hair?
Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,
So to words of anger move me,
  Corking of this face of mine,
  Tricksy cousin Caroline?

When a sudden sound I hear,
Much my nervous system suffers,
  Shaking through and through,—
Cousin Caroline, I fear
'Twas no other hand but you
Put gunpowder in the snuffers,
  Springing such a mine!
'Twas no other but yourself,
Wicked-minded little elf,
  Naughty cousin Caroline!

HAMILTON.—*From Colonel Benton's New Work.*—He (Hamilton) was the man most eminently and variously endowed of all the eminent men of his day—at once soldier and statesman, with a head to conceive, and a hand to execute; a writer, an orator, a jurist; an organizing mind, able to grasp the greatest system; and administrative, to execute the smallest details; wholly devoted to the practical business of life, and with a capacity for application and production which [illegible] with gigantic labors, each worthy to be the sole product of a single master intellect; but [illegible] the over-teeming fecundity of his prolific genius. Hard his fate, when he felt himself constrained to appeal to posterity for that justice which contemporaries withheld from him. And the appeal was not in vain. Statues rise to his memory; history embalms his name; posterity will do justice to the man who at the age of twenty was "the principal and most confidential aid of Washington," who retained the love and confidence of the Father of his country to the last; and to whom honorable opponents, while opposing his systems of policy, accorded honor and patriotism, and social affections, and transcendental abilities. This chapter was commenced to write a notice of the character of Colonel Burr; but that subject will not remain under the pen. At the appearance of that name, the spirit of Hamilton starts up to rebuke the intrusion—to drive back the foul apparition to its gloomy abode—and to concentrate all generous feeling on itself.

LITERARY FAME.—A correspondent of the News tells a story of a Parisian author, the sale of whose productions always produced him a profit. At last he became jealous of his wife, and dogged her steps. One day he gave out that he was going to Versailles, but suddenly he entered his wife's drawing-room. His